3
19

The Second Dream.

WHoever looks about, and minds things well,
And on th' Affairs o'th' World does take a View,
May think the Story which I here do tell,
Was never dreamt, 'cauſe it falls out ſo true.
I do confeſs 'tis ſomewhat hard to find
A crooked Path directly in the dark:
And when a Man's aſleep you know he's blind,
And cannot eas'ly hit upon a Mark.
No, not ſo blind, but Story oft has told
Of Sleep ſo Eagle-ey'd, and Dreams ſo bold
As could the hidden Depths of Fate unfold:
Orac'lous Dreams that op'ned the Book of Doom,
And ſaw at once paſt, preſent, and to come.

Ast'other Night in Bed I thinking lay,
How I my Rent ſhould to my Landlord pay.
Since Wool, nor Corn, nor Beaſts wou'd Money make,
Tumbling perplext, theſe thoughts kept me awake.
What will become of this mad World, thought I!
Whence the Diſeaſe, and what the Remedy?
When will the Iſſue, whereto do's it tend?
In Mis'ry 'tis ſome Eaſe to know its end.
'Till Servants Dreaming as they us'd to do,
Snor'd me aſleep; I fell a Dreaming too.
So Dreamt—not Antick Forms, wild and unſhap'd,
From reſtleſs Indigeſted Fumes eſcap'd;
When aking Brains their Wine-born Frenzies broach
The Riotous Creations of Debauch.
Nor did my bounded Fancy only lead
That narrow Dance that ſhallower Dreamers tread,

Who in their Nightly Forms repeat no more
Than what they only saw the day before.
No, for my Nobler more exalted Flight,
A loftier Wing, and a more soaring Spright
Rape me aloft; whilst my swift Thought up rears,
Born hurried back o're fifteen rowling Years.
Dully those poor short-sighted Visions play,
Who only see no farther than to day.
To Day; a Day, alas, too dull a Theam,
Where blazing Mischief's seen by that broad beam,
The Business of to Day's not worth a Dream.
For too sad Truths so plain need no beholding
To Dreamers or Southsayers for unfolding.
At open Noon to view the Banks of Seas
Broke down, who stands amaz'd at Deluges.
Right, Justice, Law, all Faith and Oaths laid by,
Who wonders at our later Slavery:
Where that profest avenging Thund'rer Reign'd,
His *Cyclops* at the Forge, with Sweat and Pains,
All bare fac'd at the Work of hamm'ring Chains.
Fate strikes without Surprize, whose Bolt we see.
Nay sweeping Plagues themselves would scarcely be
A mortal Wonderment; were but the keen
Sword Edge of the Destroying Angel seen.
T' explode the open Madness of this Age,
Is scarcely worthy a Poetick Rage.
Let Fools the full-grown Cockatrice admire!
My Speculative Thoughts more high aspire:
Would track the Seeds, and newform'd Egg Survey,
And search the very Nest in which it lay.
Th' unseen First Machine of our Ills unmasking,
I, that's a curious Question worth the asking:
Thus murm'ring long before to sleep I went,
Some Friendly Pow'r a listning Ear had lent;

And by a kind illuminating Beam,
Reſolv'd to grant my Wiſhes in a Dream.
Back then to *Charles* his Reign my Thoughts were led.
How, back to *Charles* to trace the Fountain Head!
The unhappy Source of our long Ills began
Under that Eaſie, Calm, Unthinking Man!
Yes, poor Good *Charles*, hard fated to our Curſe,
Firſt lickt the Brat, left *James* to Rear and Nurſe.
Methought th' Old Great Cabal in number Seven,
Together met to make their Matters even;
Where cloſely they Conſulted how to play,
And each one ſpoke what he was pleas'd to ſay.
But firſt the Doors were all ſecurely ſhut,
And I behind the Arras cloſely put;
Where hear and ſee I could: but he that there
Had placed me, bad me have a ſpecial care
Of ſtirring, for my Life; and ere that out
From thence I came, reſolv'd ſhou'd be my doubt,
What would become of this mad World; unleſs
Preſent Deſigns were croſt with ill Succeſs.
An awful Silence there was kept ſome ſpace,
Till trembling thus began one call'd his Grace. (Years
[*Bucks.*] Dread Sir, your Government the firſt Twelve
Has ſpoil'd your Monarchy, and made our Fears
So great, and many, we muſt now change quite
The fretful old Foundations, wrong or right.
The too great mixture of Democracy
Out of your Government muſt taken be.
And no way like to Nulling Parliaments;
Spawn of the People, always making Rents,
Factious and bold, diſputing Royal Pleaſure;
And your Commands they by their Humours meaſure.
A King in Manacles, to Rack Staves tied
You muſt remain, if thus you will abide.

So ſpoke this firſt, but by and by another,
Not quite ſo tall, but full as Wiſe a Brother,
[*Ormond*] Did thus begin -- Dread Sir, you now are on
A Tender Point, much to be thought upon;
And thought on only: For by ancient Law
'Tis Death to ſpeak't; which that raſh Lord foreſaw,
And trembled as he ſpoke. But, Sir, believe,
My ſafe Advice, I dare undaunted give,
Oh think not, Sir, t' attempt a Change ſo bold,
Nor let the Thought be ev'n in Whiſpers told,
'Gainſt what our Anceſtors ſecur'd ſo much,
That like the Sacred Mount 'tis Death to touch.
Such Dang'rous Councils give my Soul a check;
Nor do I like to make Tongue break my Neck.
[*Lauerd*] Thus he, and then that Lord of *Northern Tone*
In Gall and Guile a ſecond unto none,
Inraged roſe, and Cholerick thus begun.
Dread Majeſty, Male born of Fame, the Son
Of Hundred and Ten Monarchs of the Nore,
Deel ſplit the Wem o'th' Loon that ſpoke before:
Shame faw the Crag of that miſ-mannor'd Lord,
That near his King durſt ſpeak ſo faw a word.
And on my Sol full well the firſt man meant,
Deel lop his Lugs that loves a Parliament.
Twa Houſes on my Sol are twa too mickle,
Death! Ice ne're truck to thoſe faes Kna aves in pickle.
No Siller get to gee the Bonny Laſs!
Who can endure thus to be made an Aſs?
Ten thouſand Plagues light on his Sol that 'gin.
To gar you be but third part of a King,
Deel tak my Sol, I'ſe ne're the matter mince:
Ice rather Subject be than ſike a Prince.
To hang and draw, and burn, and ſaw, and kill,
And meaſure all things by my own great Will,
What's Kingſhip elſe; all Check-mates I do hate

Of

Of Men or Laws; it looks too like a State,
This eager well-meant Zeal some Laughter stirr'd.
[*Arling.*] 'Till now half-fish, half-flesh, the Ink-horn Lord
Craved Audience. Thus Grave, Majesty Divine,
To make you Great, let Gods and Men Combine.
Now we are entred on the great Debate
That does concern the Throne and Royal State,
Contrive to make you High and Happy too,
Is all that we at present have to do.
Is it not strange that at this Sacred Board
There still should sit a *Magna Charta* Lord?
A piece of old Rebellious Barons Breed,
The worst and greatest Foes of Royal Seed.
But to proceed, it was well urg'd by's Grace,
Such Liberty was had for Twelve Years space
Last past, that now there's great Necessity
Of new Foundations, if you safe will be.
What Care, what Charge, what Art (before was set
This Parliament) we us'd, you can't forget
How forc'd to Court, Cajole, and Bribe for fear
They wrong should Act, e're since they have been here.
What Diligence, what Studies Day and Night
Were we put on! What care to keep 'em right!
If therefore you can't make this Parliament
Do right, on whom such Art and Pains was spent;
Since *Money*'s all we have for them to do:
If we miss that, let's e'ne dil miss them too.
'Tis true, this is the Best that you can call;
But in my Judgment Best is none at all.
Well mov'd, the whole Cabal cri'd, Parliaments
Are Clogs to Princes, and their braver Intents.
One did Object, 'Twas against Majesty,
To beg the Peoples Pleasure. Another he,
The Inconven'nce argued, and that we

Muſt cloſe and ſpeedy in our Actions be:
Or elſe we fail in all our brave Deſign,
This Senate Houſe Foundation t' undermine.
But this confuſed Chat did order break;
Many were mov'd, none heard, but all did ſpeak.
[*Chan.*] At length a long Rob'd Lord, *Champion* of *State*,
The Crown's too faithful Drudge, to ſuch a height,
Rais'd only to be cruſht by his own Weight,
Begs ſilence, and his Counſel thus began,
Whilſt in this Style his artful Accents ran.
Beſt, and bleſt Monarch, that e're Scepter bore,
Renown'd for Honour, but for Vertue more.
The Lord that laſt did ſpeak has wiſely ſhown,
That Parliaments, nor new, nor old, or none
Ought to be truſted longer. Let them down,
A Conſtitution rais'd t' eclipſe the Crown.
Imperial Power by Vaſſals ſo controul'd,
A ſuff'ring Loyaliſt muſt with Grief behold.
That Monarchy may from its Child-hood grow
To Man's Eſtate, *France* do's th' Example ſhow.
Monarchy is Divine, and Text-Men ſay,
He backwards goes, that keeps not on his way.
Therefore go on, let other Kingdoms ſee
Your Will's your Law, as Monarch's ought to be.
Away with all theſe Sawcy medling Chits,
That make you King but now and then by fits.
Nay, in thoſe fits too, they will ſtand and pauſe,
And boldly tell you, Kings muſt ſtoop to Laws.
Thus you may ſee what Factious Fools would have,
A King, and yet a Subject! This is brave.
Fy, fy, let's down with all ſuch Nonſenſe now,
And make theſe Inſolents to their Monarch bow.
A hotch-potch Mixture we'll no longer bear,
Ceſar or Nothing. Now you need not fear.

If you'll but ſtrike now whil'ſt the Iron's hot,
There's no withſtanding of our Princely Plot.
Strike then, Great Sir, e're theſe Debates take Wind,
Remember ſtill *Occaſion's bald behind.*
The Game is ſure in this, if wiſely play'd,
And Sacred Votes to th' Vulgar not betray'd.
But if this Rumour once ſhould get on Wing,
That we conſult to make you Abſolute King,
The *Plebeian* Heads and Gentry too forſooth
Would Snort and Spurn, and have an aking Tooth.
Leſt they therefore ſhould this great Secret ſcent,
And contradict us in this high Intent,
I think it ſafer and far better Skill
To obviate, than to o'rcome an Ill.
For thoſe that head the Herd are full as rude,
When th' Humour takes, as all the Multitude.
Wherefore be quick in your Reſolves, and when
You have reſolv'd, be quick in Action then.
Remember your great Father loſt the Game
By ſlow Procedure. Do not you the ſame.
One unſuſpected unregarded Blow
Wounds more than Ten made by an open Foe.
Delays breed Dangers: Sir, the Sword is yours,
By Law declar'd, what need you other Pow'rs?
We may in Politicks be Judg'd, or worſe, ——
If we can't make the Sword Command the Purſe:
No Art your Government ſo well can ſhape
Without a Force, it muſt be done by Rape:
And when 'tis done, to ſay we cannot help,
Will ſatisfie enough the gentle Whelp.
Phanatick, they'll to Providence impute
Their Thraldom, and immediately grow mute.
For they poor Pious Fools think the Decree
Of Heaven is on them, tho' from Hell it be.

They

They muſt be ſilent under every ſtroke,
And readily ſubmit to any Yoke.
Thus vainly glorying in a paſſive Shame,
They'll put off Man to meet a Chriſtian Name.
Therefore to lull 'em, do their Hopes fulfil,
With *Liberty*, they'r halter'd at your Will.
Give them but Conventicle Room, and they
Will let you ſteal their *Engliſhman* away;
And heedleſs be till you your Nets have ſpread,
And pull'd down Conventicles o're their Head.
Militia then and Parliaments Caſhier,
And with all ſpeed a Standing Army rear,
To mount you up; and up you ſoon will be,
Thoſe that want Love, will fear your Monarchy.
And if they fear, no matter for their hate,
To Rule by Law becomes a Sneaking State.
Lay by all Fear, nor care what people ſay,
For that will all your brave deſign betray.
When bite they can't, what hurt will Barking do!
And in ſhort time we'll ſpoil their Barking too.
Make Coffee Clubs, talk of more humble things,
Than ſuch Affairs as do belong to Kings.
Thus ſpake the hot ſpurr'd Peer. Then one more grave
That had much leſs of Fool, but more of Knave,
Began——

[*Cliff.*] Great Sir, it gives me great Content,
To ſee ſuch Zeal for you with one conſent.
But yet, tho I'm an Enemy no leſs
To Parliaments than they, my ſelf confeſs,
I muſt for all that enter my Proteſt
Againſt theſe Rambling Councils undigeſt,
And tell you, Sir, it is a harder thing
Than they Suggeſt to make you ſuch a *King*

As

As what they talk, and I could wiſh you were;
The Method they propoſe, will coſt you dear.
Old Buildings to pluck down, believe it true,
More danger has in't, than in Building New.
Or what ſhall raiſe your Supe ſt ucture, till
Another you have built to ſuit your Will?
An Army ſhall, they ſay, Content: but ſtay,
From whence ſhall this New Army have its pay?
Eaſie and gentle Government awhile,
Will ſurely be the beſt way to beguile
The Peoples Minds, and make them cry up You
For this or that, or any thing you do.
The Taxes of New Government all will blame,
And put the Kingdom ſtrait into a Flame.
For Tyranny has no ſuch lovely look
To take Men by, unleſs you hide the Hook;
And no Bait better hides than preſent Eaſe;
Eaſe but their Taxes, then do what you pleaſe.
Therefore theſe wild Debates lay by: From whence
Shall Money riſe to pay this vaſt Expence!
There's only one thing if you will but do,
Will gain your Will, and huſh your People too.
Strike in with Mother Church, whoſe Boſome ſtands
Ope' to receive you, ſtretching forth her hands.
Cloſe but this Breach, and you will quickly ſee
Her Purſe as open, as her Arms ſhall be.
For, Sacred Sir, by gueſs I do not ſpeak;
Of Poor ſhe'll make you Rich, and Strong of Weak.
At home, abroad, no Money, nor no Men
She'll let you lack, turn but to her agen.
You may depend, Sir, upon what I ſay;
What e're is talk'd on, here's your only way.
How can you fail of Honour and Succeſs,
When you grow Richer, and Your Taxes leſs.

Thus by this Wile you may advance your Crown,
And when you'r up, you may pull others down
[*Laud.*] The *Scot* here could no longer hold, but cry'd,
Deel Curſe the Pope, and all that's on his ſide.
The Whore of *Rome*, the muckle Man of Sin,
Plague take the Mother, Barns, and all the Kin.
What, muſt we ſee the Paltry, hallow Rood
Plac'd in the Kirk again in Deeliſh Mood!
Plague take the Loon, the Deel and all his Work,
The Pope ſhall ne're again come in the Kirk.
Deel fau my Luggs, I'ſe venture Weem and Crag,
E're Popiſh Imps o're Chriſten Men ſhall brag.
The *Scot* with Laughter Check'd, and all agreed,
The Lord ſpoke laſt, ſhould in his Speech proceed,
[*Cliff.*] Which thus he did. Great Sir, the Seaſon's now
Wherein we may both drive and draw the Plow.
The beſt that ever came t' advance your Cauſe,
To mend or make, or to demoliſh Laws.
Beſides the Sum, the Catholicks will advance,
You know what offers you are made by *France*.
And to have Money, and no Parliaments,
Will fully anſwer all our brave Intents.
And thus without Tumultiſh Brute, or Huff
Of Parliaments, you will have Gold enough.
And if neglected now, as none knows when
The like Advantage you will have agen,
T' extirpate Civil and Religious Right,
Thoſe Lime-twigs of the Laws that hold your flight.
There's Money to be had t' Exalt your Crown,
'Thout ſtooping Majeſty to th' Countrey Clown.
The Triple League I know will be objected,
As if by us that ought to be reſpected.
For who to Covehants ſo poorly ſticks,
With Rebels to keep Faith or Hereticks,

With

With thoſe that neither Church nor Prince affect;
Our own Advantage we muſt ſtill reſpect.
Unfetter'd Monarchs ſhould walk more at large,
The Church does Princes from ſuch Oaths diſcharge:
And Kings Abſolv'd have power to leave or take,
And keep no more than do's for Int'reſt make.
As you your ſelf have admirably ſhown
By burning Solemn Covenants, tho' your own.
Faith, Juſtice, Truth, *Plebeian* Vertues be:
Look well in them, but not in Majeſty.
For, publick Faith is but a publick Thief,
The greateſt Cheat, and yields the worſt Relief.

[*Orm.*] The Second Lord, tho' Check'd, yet did not fear
Impatient grew, and could no longer bear.
Great Majeſty, Authentick Writers ſay,
The hand when lifted up *Creſſus* to ſlay,
Such deep Impreſſions on the Son did make,
Though dumb before, yet then he forth-with ſpake.
Great Sir, your pardon, if in imitation,
Seeing the danger of your Self and Nation,
My reſolv'd Silence too like him I break,
In ſpight of Frowns, I ſhall, and I muſt ſpeake.
Under what ever doom my boldneſs fall,
Though Fortune, Honour, Life, expos'd to all
The hardeſt Cenſures, and it may be worſe
My Prince's Hatred, and the Papal Curſe:
Yet ſtill for Princes Good I will not fear,
To ſpeak my Conſcience, tho' it coſt me dear.
My Acts have ſpoke ſufficient, ſtill they are
Above what theſe Dictators did or dare.
Wherefore, Great Sir, 'tis Ignorance or Hate,
That gives thoſe Counſels ſo precipitate.
For ſay't I will, nor will I bate my word,
No Counſels, Power, no, nor yet the Sword,

Can old Foundations alter, or lay new,
Let time interpret who has ſpoken true.
The Country Gentlemen with Beef and Bacon,
Will ſhow how much your Courtiers are miſtaken.
For Parliaments are not at that cheap rate,
That down they will without a broken Pate:
And then I doubt you'll find theſe Worthy Lords,
Brave and more *Champion* with their Tongues than Swords.
Wherefore incline not, Sir, your Royal Ear
To their Advice, but ſafer Counſel hear.
Stay ti'l theſe Lords have each a Crown to loſe,
And then conſult with 'em which way they'll chooſe.
Will you All hazard for their Humours ſake,
Who nothing have to loſe, nothing at ſtake!
And at that Game your Royal Crown expoſe,
To gratifie the foolish Luſt of thoſe
Who hardly have ſubſiſtence how to live,
But what your Crown and Grace to 'em will give.
For one of thoſe Bag-pudding Gentlemen
(Except their places) would buy nine or ten.
And why we ſhould thus ſlight the Gentleman,
I ſee no Reaſon, nor believe they can.
For had not Gentleman done more than Lord,
I'le boldly ſay't, you ne're had been reſtor'd.
But why an Armies Greatneſs, Sir! ſhould we
So fond juſt now all on a ſudden be.
Have they ſuch faithful Guardians been to Powers
That have employ'd them, that you'd make 'em yours?
Our Age does tell, we need not ſeek the Glory
Of Armies Faith in old and doubtful Story.
Your Father 'gainſt the *Scots* an Army rear'd,
But ſoon that Army more than *Scots*, he ſeard
And tho' in haſte to raiſe 'em, as we are,
Soon to Diſband them was his greateſt care.

How *Scottiſh* Army after did betray
His Truſt and Perſon both, I need not ſay.
The Lord Protector they ſet up one hour,
The next they pluck't down Protectorean Pow'r.
Your Fathers Block was guarded by thoſe Drudges,
Who after did the ſame thing for his Judges;
And did rejoyce at both in open view,
And would not grudge to do the like by you.
Will you then ſuffer Armies to beguile,
And give your Crown and Self to Croſs and Pile?
What if a *Jeſuit* Swear, Lie, and Feign,
Until your Truſt and Army he ſhould gain:
And you believe his Faith and Oaths are true,
He ſerves himſelf inſtead of ſerving you.
Remember, Sir, what to your Face is ſaid;
No Faith from them to Hereticks is paid.
This is enough to make your Soul abhor them,
And ſtop each Mouth for ever ſpeaking for 'em.
When their own turns are ſerv'd, they'll ſerve you a trick,
And in ſhort time call you plain Heretick.
If Pope command, and you ſhall once ſay nay,
At this Trap-door your Strength ſhall run away.
He'll make you ſtoop and truckle at his pleaſure,
Or elſe you neither ſhall have Men or Treaſure.
'Tis vain to truſt to either Word or Oath;
They plainly tell you they can violate both.
The more of Friendſhip they pretend or Swear,
The more of Miſchief you have cauſe to fear.
When once the Pope has got the upper-hand,
Againſt your Will you ſoon ſhall underſtand,
That if you croſs him in the ſmalleſt thing,
Unwelcome Storms about your Ears he'll bring.
The Intereſt then of Holy Mother Church,
Will be to leave all ſuch as you i'th' lurch:

And all your former faithful Friends being down,
'Tis ten to one if you don't lose your Crown.
Pardon, Great Sir, if Zeal transport my Tongue,
To shew you what may prove your greatest wrong.
I can't expose your Crown and Sacred Throat
To th' fickle Humours of a falsered Coat.
But speak I must, whatever does insue,
To hinder what we else may live to rue.
The Law your All does fence, secure from Fear;
And then what need the noise of Bandileer.
Consider, Sir, 'tis Law that makes you King:
But Sword another to the Crown may bring.
For Force knows no distinction: Longest Sword
Makes Peasant Prince, and Lackey above Lord.
If Will be all that we must take for Laws,
Your Will may be inferiour to *Jack Straws*.
If he a greater Force, he has more Right:
Where Law is wanting, if for Will Men Fight,
He's the best Man whose Sword is still more strong:
Where there's no Law, there's neither Right nor Wrong.
Subjects may Prince, as Prince may them Invade;
The Fence once broken, all is open laid.
See then, Great Sir, how these your Throne pull down,
'Stead of exalting your Imperial Crown;
How they divest you of your Majesty:
For Law destroy'd, you are no more than we.
In vain will be the Plea of Birth or Crown,
Or Statute Laws, if Parliaments go down.
This Peer went on, and shew'd at large most plain,
How dang'rous League with *Rome* wou'd be again.
And how we suffer'd *France* to gain Renown,
And steal away the Glory of our Crown.
He's interupted, and bid speak no more,
By inrag'd Majesty, who deeply Swore

His

His Tongue had ſo run o're, that he would take
Such Vengeance on him, and Example make
To after Ages, all that heard ſhould fear
To ſpeak what ſhould diſpleaſe the Royal Ear.
In that unwonted Thunder-Clap he broke,
I ſcarce could fancy it was *Charles* that ſpoke.
Methought, and 'twas a Thought of ſtrange Preſage,
Charles utter'd, but Great *James* inſpir'd the Rage.
The more Imperial Ducal Fury blow'd,
And tun'd the Royal Organ Pipe ſo loud.
The Lord that ſpoke before 's bid to go on,
And all commanded Silence 'till he has done.
Who thus proceeded ——
If the Lord ſpoke laſt,
To interrupt me had not made ſuch haſte,
I ſoon had done, for I was come, Great Sir,
T' Adviſe your ſending *Dutch* Ambaſſador
To keep them ſtill a while, altho' we Flatter,
Promiſe, Careſs, Cajole, Betray, no matter.
Tho' we break Faith, Leagues, Treaties, all t' advance
Your dearer ſworn Fidelity to *France*.
And when all's done that can be done by Man,
Much muſt be left to Chance do what we can.
If you of *Dutch* can make an utter end,
And make the Catholick Chriſtian World your Friend,
Then ſure you'll have enough of Men and Treaſure,
Enough of both to execute your pleaſure.
And tho' that Noble Lord ſeems to perſwade
Confiding Armies are not to be had:
True, tho' perhaps the *Engliſh* Hereticks
In ſuch a Cauſe may play ſome ſlippery Tricks,
And joyn not hearty in your Holy League;
Raiſe then your *Iriſh* Friends: The Truſty *Teague*

To

To *Rome*'s dear Pipe will moſt devoutly Dance,
And then what ſtrength they want your Cauſe t' advance,
Send o're, and borrow all the reſt from *France*.
This Project does the Feat: You need no more,
Steer by this Chart, and Land on th' Golden Shore.
And tho' perhaps your Glaſs of Life may run
Too faſt, to ſee this bleſſed Work all done.
Tho' kind Heaven lengthen out your happy Days,
And Crown you late with the Immortal Bays;
A Crown ſhould be ſo much a good King's Care,
As ſtudy t' entail Bleſſings on his Heir,
And what though poſſibly you may not raiſe
The Fabrick up entire in your own Days:
Make the Foundation, and the Wall's but yours:
Leave *James* to build the Battlements and Towers.
James, whoſe each Word the Credulous World ſhall Truſt,
Proud of the Name, though not the Thought of *Juſt*.
This Speech thus ended, Six of Seven agree,
France ſhould be lov'd, and *Holland* hated be.
At laſt I wak'd, and took a ſerious View
Of long revolving Cauſes, Old and New;
And by their whole ſucceſſive Chain I knew
My Dream told Truth; our preſent Ills a 'courſe
Took from this Fountain their original Source.
'Twas *Charles* begun the Clue that *James* has ſpun:
The fatal Meaſures have our World undone.
And if Cabals thus ſerve us *Engliſhmen*,
'Tis ten to one but we ſhall Dream agen:
And being diſturb'd in Sleep our Brains will ake,
And make us Peeviſh when we are awake.

FINIS.

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